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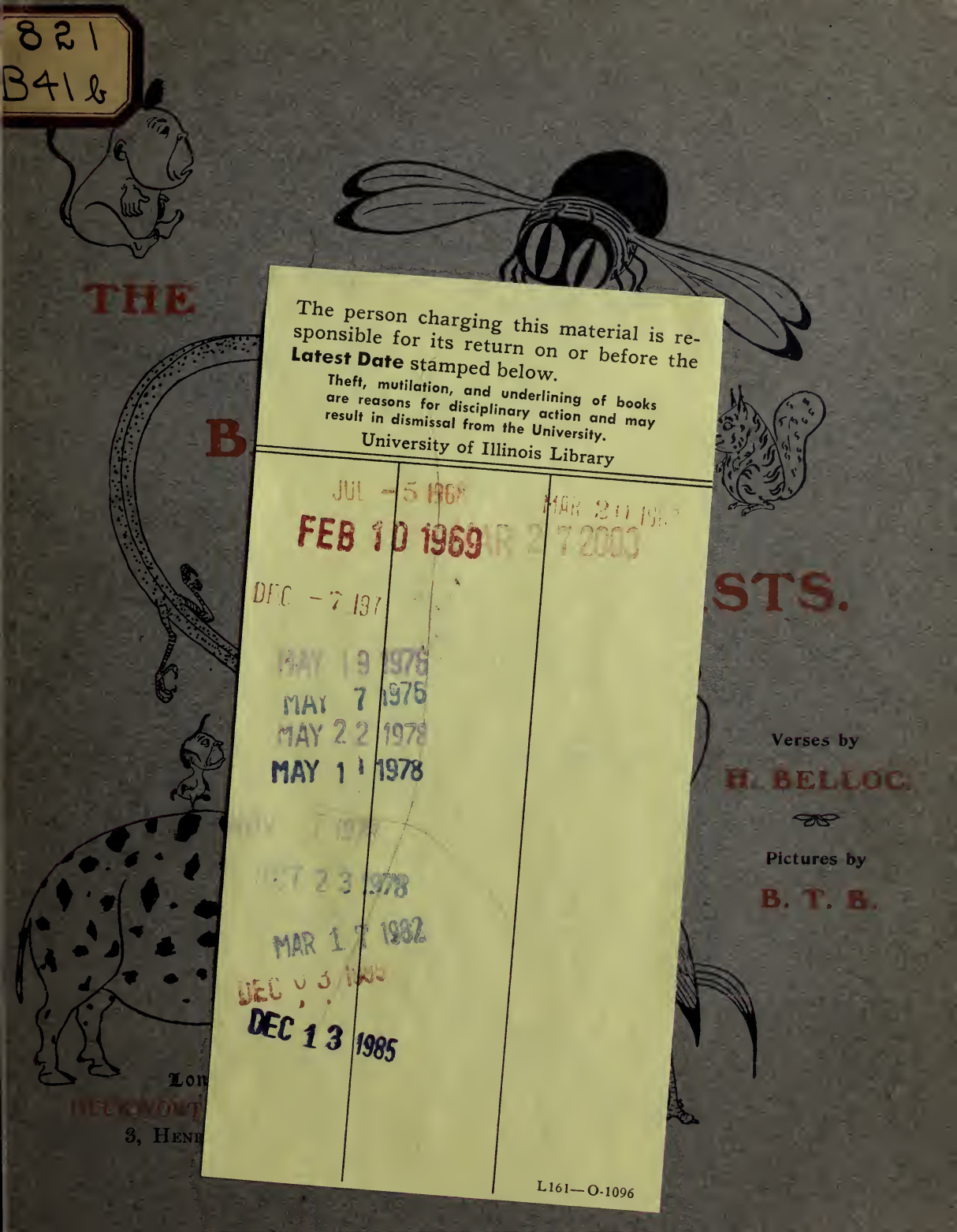

THE

B

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Verses by

H. BELLOC.

Pictures by

B. T. B.

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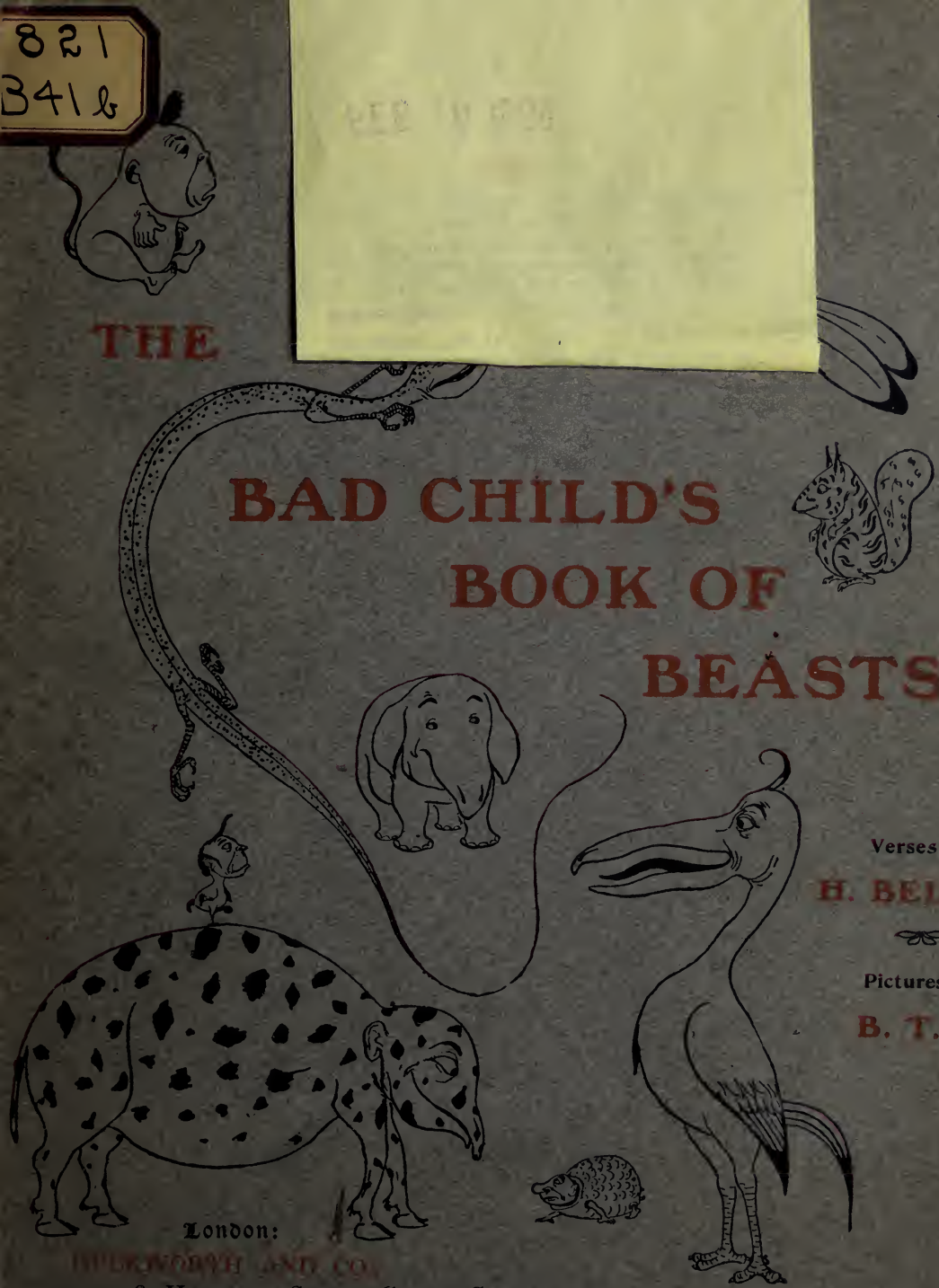
# THE BAD CHILD'S BOOK OF BEASTS.



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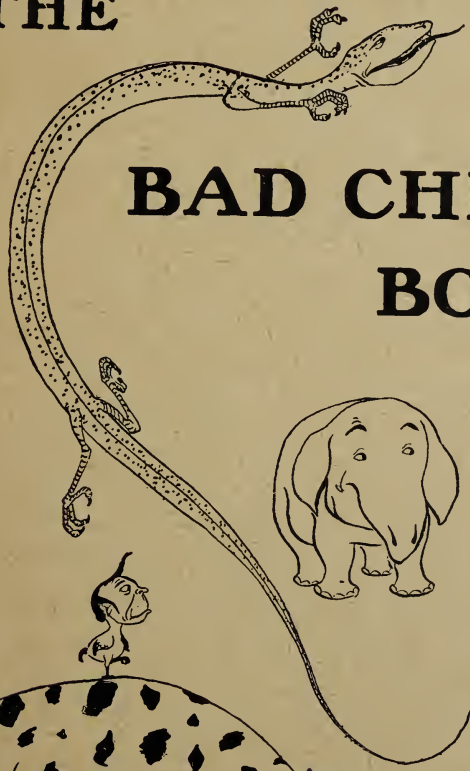
# THE BAD CHILD'S BOOK OF BEASTS.



Verses by
**H. BELLOC.**

Pictures by
**B. T. B.**

London:
DUCKWORTH AND CO.,
3, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Child! do not throw this book about;
Refrain from the unholy pleasure
Of cutting all the pictures out!
Preserve it as your chiefest treasure.

Child, have you never heard it said
That you are heir to all the ages?
Why, then, your hands were never made
To tear these beautiful thick pages!

Your little hands were made to take
The better things and leave the worse ones:
They also may be used to shake
The Massive Paws of Elder Persons.

And when your prayers complete the day,
Darling, your little tiny hands
Were also made, I think, to pray
For men that lose their fairylands.

B41r

# DEDICATION.

To Master EVELYN BELL
Of Oxford.

Evelyn Bell,
I love you well.

33204J

# INTRODUCTION.

I call you bad, my little child,
Upon the title page,
Because a manner rude and wild
Is common at your age.

The Moral of this priceless work
(If rightly understood)
Will make you—from a little Turk—
Unnaturally good.

Do not as evil children do,
Who on the slightest grounds
Will imitate

the Kangaroo,
With wild unmeaning bounds.

Do not as children badly bred,
Who eat like little Hogs,
And when they have to go to bed
Will whine like Puppy Dogs :

Who take their manners from the Ape,
Their habits from the Bear,
Indulge the loud unseemly jape,
And never brush their hair.

But so control your actions that
Your friends may all repeat,

'This child is dainty as the Cat,
And as the Owl discreet.'

# The Yak.

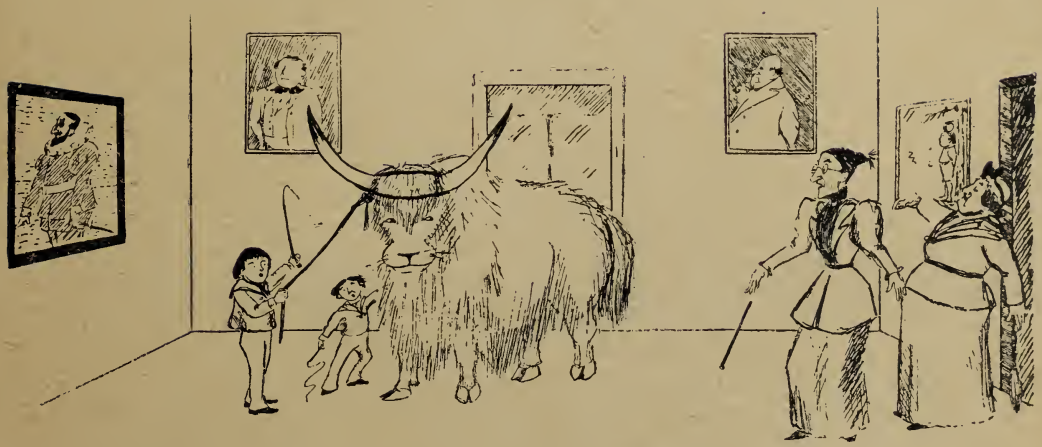
As a friend to the children

commend me the Yak.

You will find it exactly the thing:
It will carry and fetch,

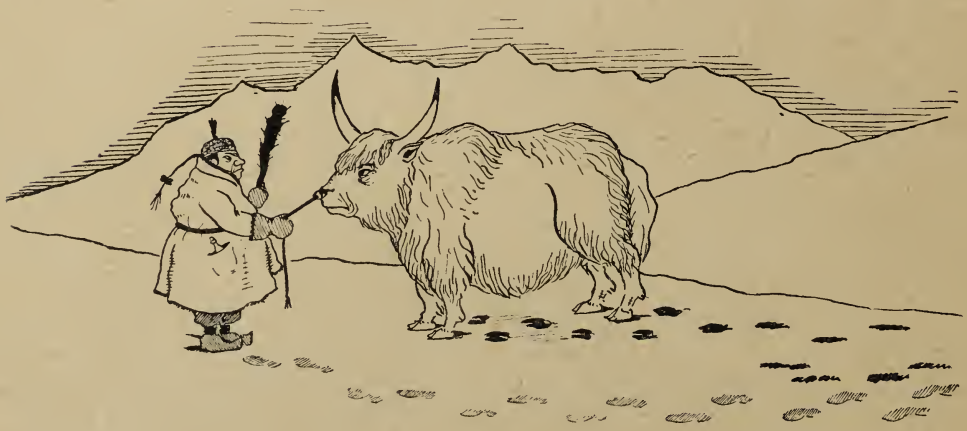
you can ride on its back,

Or lead it about



with a string.

The Tartar who dwells on the plains of Thibet
(A desolate region of snow)



Has for centuries made it a nursery pet,
And surely the Tartar should know!

Then tell your papa where the Yak can be got,

And if he is awfully rich
He will buy you the creature—

or else

he will *not*.

(I cannot be positive which.)

# The Polar Bear.

The Polar Bear is unaware

Of cold that cuts me through:
For why? He has a coat of hair.
I wish I had one too!

# The Lion.

The Lion, the Lion, he dwells in the waste,
He has a big head and a very small waist;

But his shoulders are stark, and his jaws they are grim,
And a good little child will not play with him.

# The Tiger.

The Tiger, on the other hand,

is kittenish and mild,
He makes a pretty playfellow for any little child;
And mothers of large families (who claim to common sense)

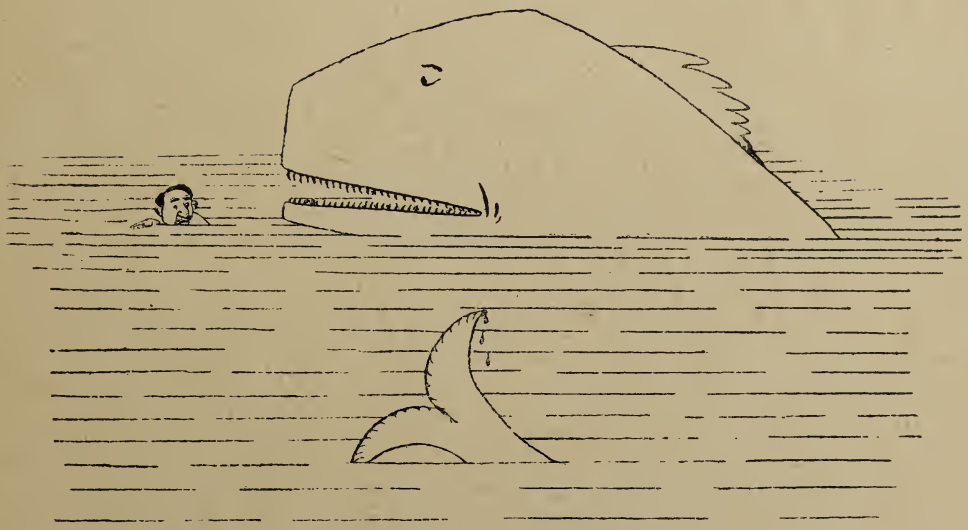
Will find a Tiger well repay the trouble and expense.

# The Dromedary.

The Dromedary is a cheerful bird:

I cannot say the same about the Kurd.

# The Whale.



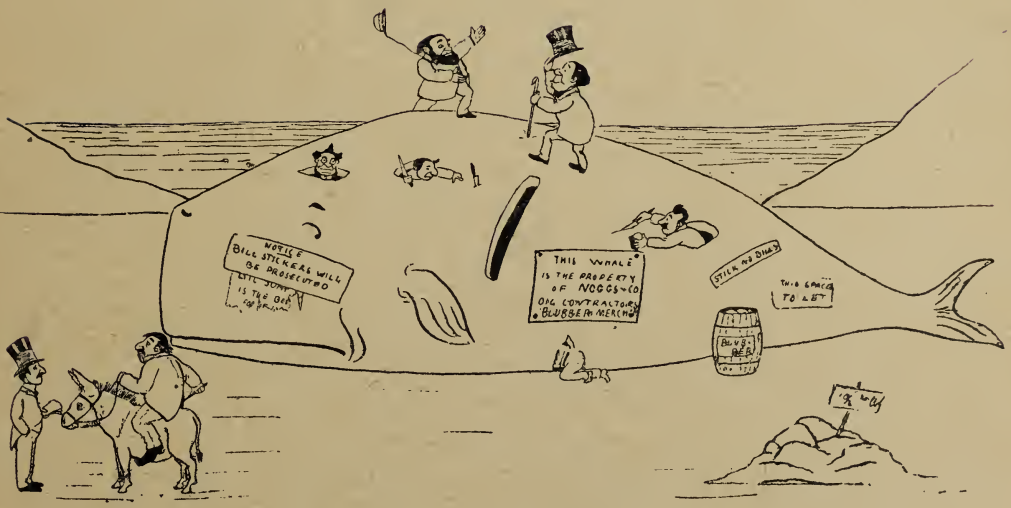
The Whale that wanders round the Pole

Is not

a table fish.

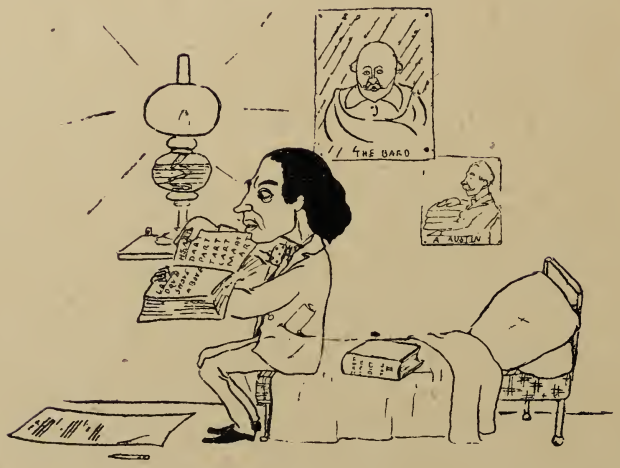
You cannot bake or boil him whole,

Nor serve him in a dish;


NOTICE
BILL STICKERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
THIS WHALE IS THE PROPERTY OF NOGGS & CO
OIL CONTRACTORS & BLUBBER MERCHTS
STILL AS DIRTY
THIS SPACE TO LET

But you may cut his blubber up
And melt it down for oil,

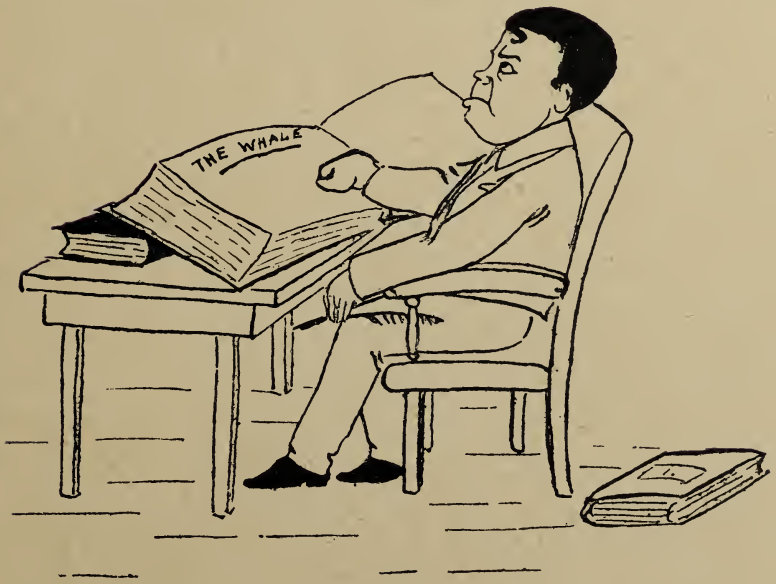
And so replace




the colza bean

(A product of the soil).

These facts should all be noted down
And ruminated on,




By every boy in Oxford town
Who wants to be a Don.

# The Camel.

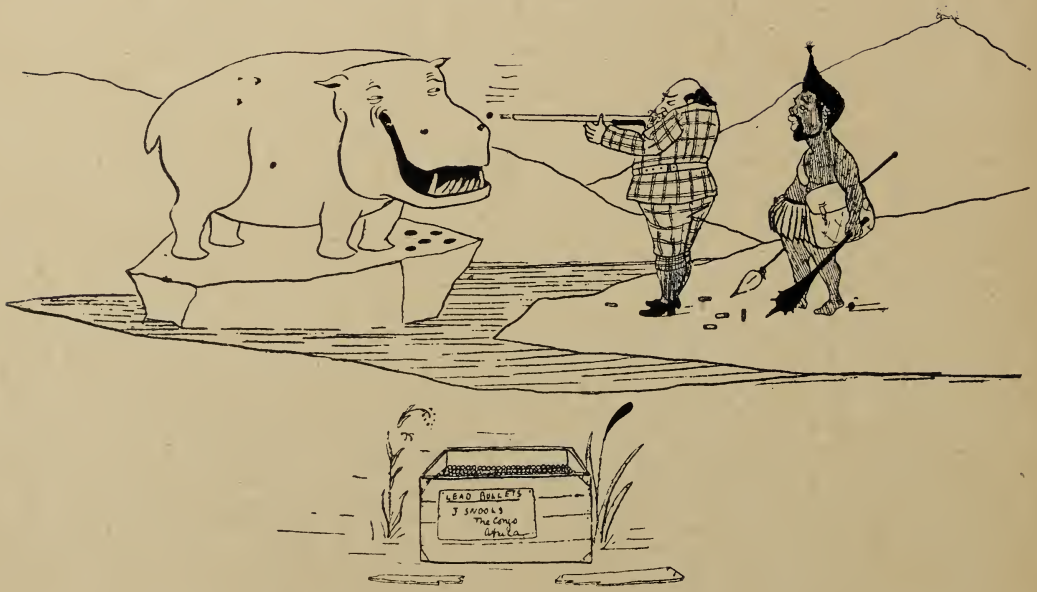
"The Ship of the Desert."

# The Hippopotamus.

I shoot the Hippopotamus

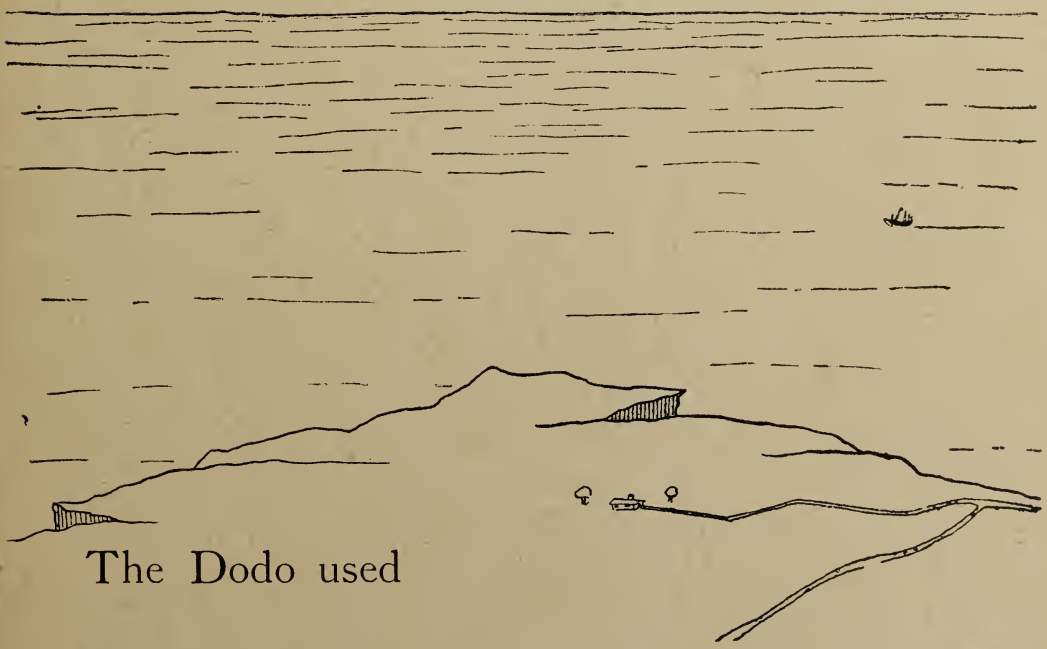
with bullets made of platinum,

Because if I use leaden ones




his hide is sure to flatten 'em.

# The Dodo.



The Dodo used

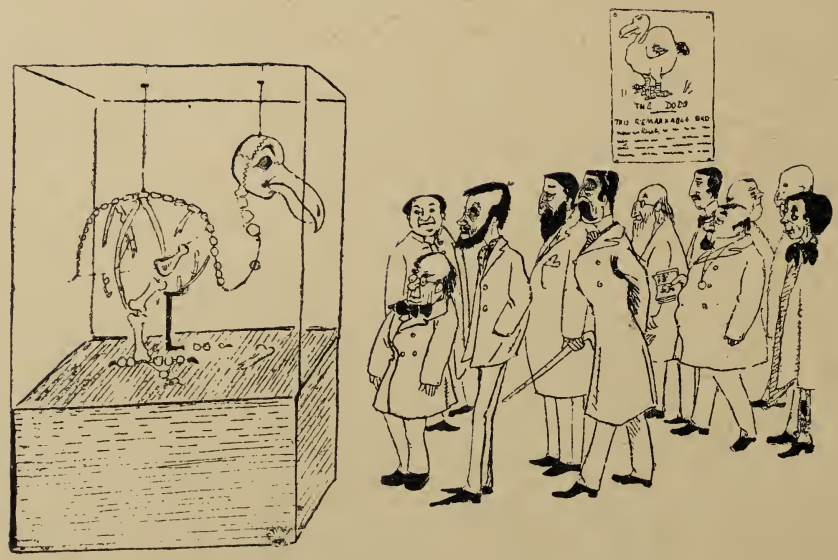
to walk around,

And take the sun and air.

The Sun yet warms his native ground—

The Dodo is not there!

The voice which used to squawk and squeak
Is now for ever dumb—



Yet may you see his bones and beak
All in the Mu-se-um.

# The Marmozet.

The species Man and Marmozet
Are intimately linked;

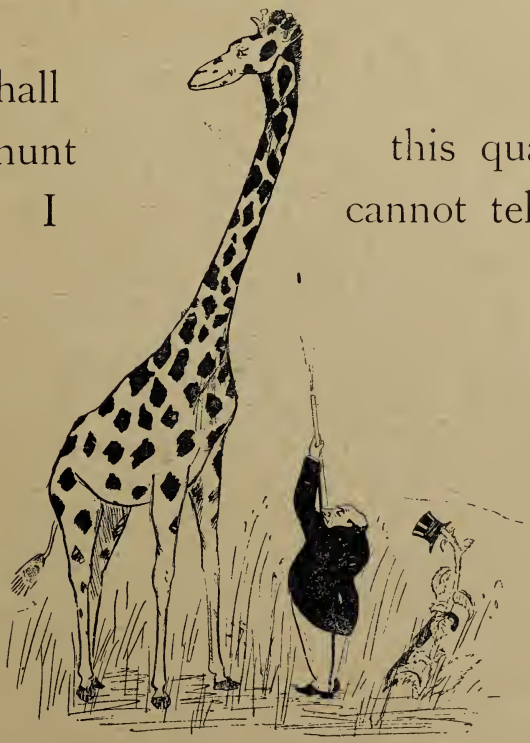
The Marmozet survives as yet,
But Men are all extinct.

# The Camelopard.

The Camelopard, it is said
By travellers (who never lie),

He cannot stretch out straight in bed
Because he is so high.
The clouds surround his lofty head,
His hornlets touch the sky.

How shall
I hunt this quadruped?
I cannot tell!
Not I!



(A picture of how people try
And fail to hit that head so high.)

I'll buy a little parachute
(A common parachute with wings),
I'll fill it full of arrowroot
And other necessary things,

And I will slay this fearful brute
With stones and sticks and guns and slings.

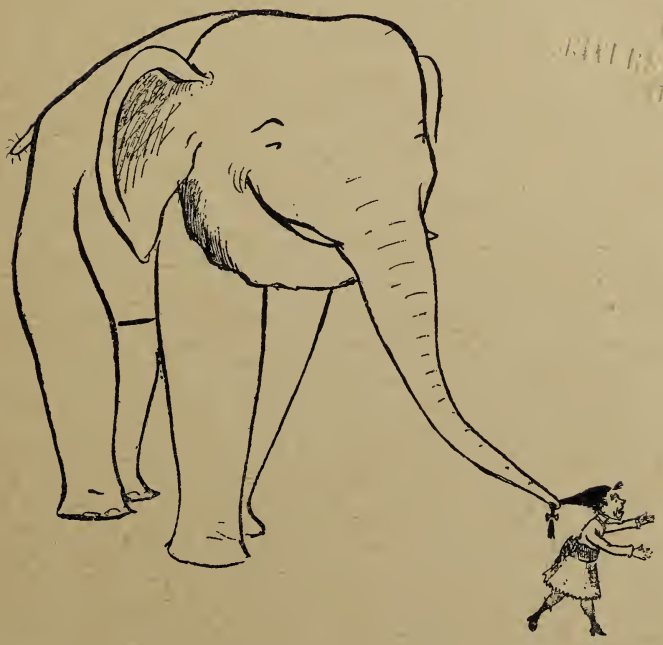
(A picture of

how people shoot
With comfort from a parachute.)

# The Learned Fish.

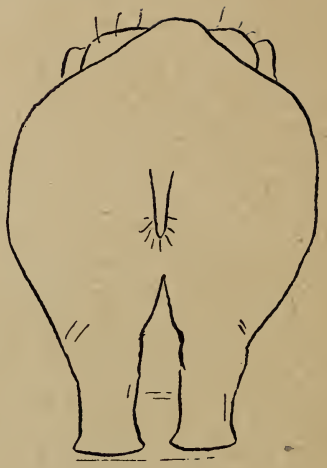
This learned Fish has not sufficient brains
To go into the water when it rains.

# The Elephant.

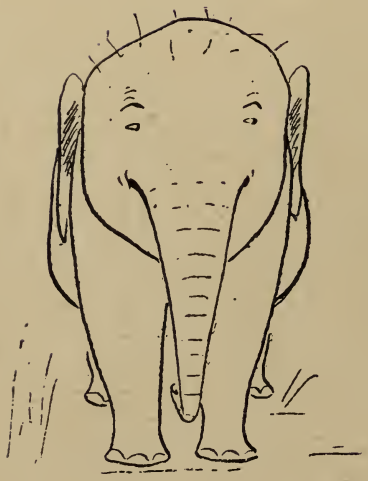


When people call this beast to mind,

They marvel more and more
At such a



*LITTLE* tail behind,

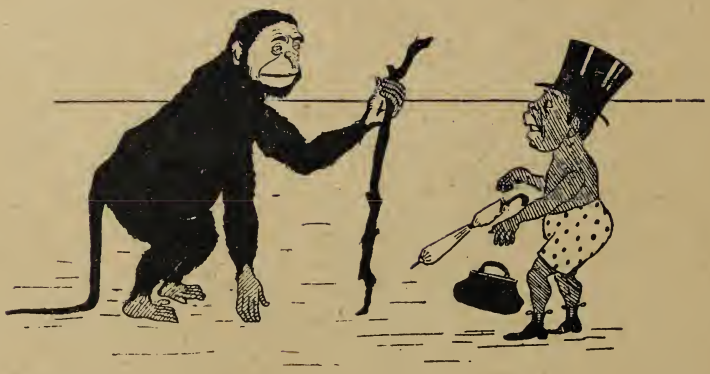


So *LARGE* a trunk before.

# The Big Baboon.

The Big Baboon is found upon
The plains of Cariboo;

He goes about



with nothing on

(A shocking thing to do.)

But if he

dressed respectably
And let his whiskers grow,

How like this Big Baboon would be

To Mister So-and-so!

# The Rhinoceros.

Rhinoceros, your hide looks all undone,

You do not take my fancy in the least:

You have a horn where other brutes have none:
Rhinoceros, you are an ugly beast.

# The Frog.

Be kind and tender to the Frog,

And do not call him names,
As 'Slimy skin,' or 'Polly-wog,'
Or likewise 'Ugly James,'
Or 'Gape-a-grin,' or 'Toad-gone-wrong,'
Or 'Billy Bandy-knees':

The Frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay
A treatment kind and fair;
At least

so lonely people say
Who keep a Frog (and, by the way,
They are extremely rare).

Oh! My!

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